

A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

A Page From Her History.

A Page From Her History.

The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception: "I had been troubled with heart disease 25 years, much of that time very seriously. For live years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my health. A physician told my riends that I could not live a month. My feet and limbs were badly swollen, and I was indeed in a serious condition when a gontleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and said that his sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the Heart Cure, and In less than an hour after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my ankles, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long that they seemed almost putrified. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was so much better that I did my own work. On my recommendation six others are taking this valuable remedy."—Mrs Morgan, 500 W. Harrison St. Chicago, Ill.

*Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, a discovery of an eminent specialist in heart disease, is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, SI per bottle, six bottles for \$6, express prepaid. It is positively free from all opinates or dangercus drugs.

For sale by Isa Leist.

THE DAY OF WORSHIP.

Time for Holding Services by the Several Churches, &VANGELICAL—Church It is a m., 7 p. m Sudday school 9 a. m., Prayer Meeting Wetgeeday, 7 p. m. Rev. GREEN Pas-tor. *RR*BYTERIAN.—Church10:30 a. m., 7 p.m. Sinday School 12 m., Prayer Meeting, Thursday, 7 p.m. hev. M. L. DORAREY, Pas-

tor

5 T. AUGUST(NE. - Mass 8 a. m., High Mass 10 a. m., Vespers p. m. Rev. M. Fuerz, Pastor.

METHODIST. - Churchio: 30 a. m., 7p. m., 8abbath School gits. m., Young People's Meeting 5:00 p. m. Epworth League Meeting, Wednesday, 7p. m., Prayer Meeting Thureday, 7p. m. Rev. I. N. Kain, Pastor.

PAUL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30p. m., for 10 a. m., as annuanced previous Sunday) Sun-day School P a. m. REV. W. L. FISHER, Pastor. JOHNS LUTHERAN.—In Freedom Twp., Church 10a. m. REV. W. L. Fishen, Pastor. EMANUAL'S LUTHERAN.—Church 2:30 p. m. Sunday School 10 a. m. REV. L. DAMMONN Pastor.

Pastor.

ST. PAUL'S LUTHERAN. - Napoleon Twp.
Church 10 s.m. Rev. L. Dawmonn, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN. - South Napoleon church
every week, 10:30 a.m. and in the evening at
7:30. Praver meeting Thursday 7 p. m.
REV. I. D. INGLE, Pastor.

UNITED BRETHREN.—McClure:church10 a m., every other-fundsy, bogtiming January 18, 1891. Sabhath-school 9:30 s. m. Prayer meeting Thursdays.7p.m Bry Jour Shilllen, Pas-

COUNTY RECORD

| | COUNTY OFFICERS. |
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| Proceeding Attorney |
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| Levi King H. E. Stuckman Edward Ditmer Edward Ditmer H. Wistinghausen W. M. Ward W. M. Ward Mrs. Sun Welstead P. C. Schwab Janitor August Hirseland |
| CORPORATION OFFICERS. Mayor. D. Meskison Clerk C. E. Reynolds Treasurer D. Higgins Marshal T. Eurns Street Commissioner Fred Market B. B. Bixer Cemetery Trustees L. V. Botson Theodore Ladwig L. L. Orwig William Samuse |

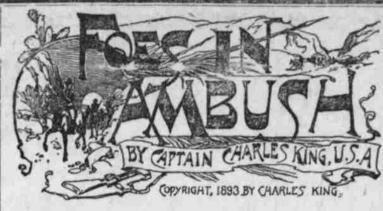
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| Rufus Hill Deshie J. M. Patterson |
| W. C. Johnson. McClur John Love. PLATROCK TOWNSHIP, |
| Jac. Curren Florid Joseph Weible " FREEDON TOWNSHIP. |
| Henry Gehrett |
| John Shelt |
| Lewis A. Bellhara Liberty Center David Leist MARION TOWNSHIP. |
| J. P. Dunbar |
| W. T. Cheney |
| F. D. Priutis |
| PLEASANT TOWNSHIP. G. W. Fisher |
| HIGHFIRLD TOWNSHIP. H. D. Baker |
| BIDGEVILLE TOWNSHIP. Jacob Wolf |
| WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP. |

TOWNSHIP CLERKS.

| Township. | Clerk. | Postoffice. |
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| Damasous | | |
| Flatrock | | |
| Freedom | | |
| Harrison | I. M. Click | Napoleor |
| Liberty | . Pennook | Liberty Center |
| Marion | G. F. Hayes | |
| Monroe | .L. M. Grove | Napoteor |
| Mapoleon | . B. Dittenhaver | Napoleor |
| PleasantV | m. Richholt | Holgate |
| Ridgevi le | F. A. Rown | Ridgeville Con |
| Bichfield | H. D. Baker | West Hope |
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Mr. C. F. Davis, editor of the Bloomfield, Iowa, Farmer, says: "I can recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to all sufferers with colds and croup. I have used it in my family for the past two years and have found it the best I ever used for the purposes for which it is intended. 50 cent bottles for sale by D. J. Humphrey. 1m



others!-or they'll "Qnick!-the burn to death. "What others? Where, man?" ex-

feet. "Oh! somewhere in there-the far end of the corral-or Moreno's west

room," was the gasping reply. Another rush into the whirling, eddying smoke, another search along under the wall, and presently in the flickering light the rescuing pair came upon a places from huge flakes of fire falling from the blazing rafters of the overhanging shed, and behind this, senseless, suffocated, helplessly bound, two other forms. Thrusting the sacks aside, the troopers seized and dragged forth their hapless fellow creatures. Jarred by sudden pressure, a burning upright snapped. There was a crackling, crashing sound and down came the reffers, sending another column of flame to light up the features of men rescued not an instant too soon from the death that

awaited them. "My God!" cried Sergeant Lee,"this is old Feeny-and yet alive.'

Together the two raised the senseless form, bore it out into the open space, laid it cently beside their first discovery and ran back for the next, a big, heavy, bulky shape in loose and bloostained garments. It took all their strength to lug it forth. Then the lieutenant bent by the side of the slowly recovering civilian.

"Are there any more we can reach?" he questioned eagerly, his heart beating

"No-too late!-others were inside when the roof fell in. More water-more water!"

Sergeant Lee sprang to the ollas gleaming there in the firelight and brought back a brimming dipper, holding it to the poor fellow's parched lips until he could drink no more, then he was bound.

"This is greaser work," he cried. 'How could they have left you alive? done this anyhow?"

"Pasqual Morales. Moreno was in it

"What?" cried the officer, leaping to Man, are you mad?"

in there! I'm nigh dead," "Ren to my saddlebage, Lee; fetch his commander, that flask, quick; then call in the men and send one back to hurry up the rest. Where have they gone? What have

they done with their captives?"

"God knows! I could hear them screaming and praying—those poor How soon can the packs get up?" girls! Mullan and the pay clerk picked up Feeny after he was stunned, and hind, sir." they rushed him back through here, himself, to where you found him. That—that's the paymaster you've got there. Then they tried to save a drunken soldier while all the gang seemed crowding after the safe and the girls, but they were shot down inside and must have burned to death if they wasn't killed. Oh, God, what a night!" And weak, unstrung, unmanned, the poor fellow sobbed aloud.

At this instant there rode into the corral a couple of troopers.

"Licutenant Drummond here?" cried one of them. "We've found a man out on the plain to the southeast, gagged and bound. Shall we fetch him in?" "You go, Quinn, but get some one

else to help you. Patterson, your horse is fresh, gallop back on the trail. Tell Sergeant Meinecke to come ahead for all he's worth. Let the packs take care of themselves. Send Sergeant Lee in here to me again." Then with trembling hands the young officer turned his attention to his other patients. Sovering the cords with his hunting knife, he freed them from their bonds, then dashed water over their scorched and blackened faces, meantime keeping up that the outlaws had hitched in both and these the man found it difficult to teams and taken also the spare mules and the buckboard. They had lifted the Harvey girls into the Concord, the ly saw the final rush. But there was safe and Pasqual Morales into the paymaster's ambulance, while the wounded | had been a few minutes' lull. Then men and Moreno's people probably were Harvey and Feeny both began to talk put on the open wagon. Then they had all driven furiously away to the south, leaving only two or three men to complete the work at the ranch.

Finding the paymaster and screennt themselves with binding and leaving them to their fate, to be cremated when the roof of the shed came down. Then one of the gang whom he had once fellows to spare the life of the only one of the party left to tell the tale. Pasqual and the Mexicans were gone. judging by their speech, though two of them were still masked. "My name is Woods," said the poor fellow. "But that bandit had to beg hard. They were ready to murder anybody connected with the defense, for Ramon was killed and Pasqual shot through the leg. I did that, though they didn't know it. They bound and left me here, but made me swear I would tell Harvey and his friends when they got back that it was no use following; they had 30 armed men and three hours' start. They never thought of any one who can break it to Mr. Harvey when

he does come?" And then Sergeant Lee came hurrying back, one or two men with him, and together they labored to restore to consciousness the paymaster, breathing feebly, and old Feeny, bleeding from a gash in the back of the skull and a bullet hole through the body. For nearly

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

a quarter or an nour their efforts were vain. Meantime Drummond, well nigh ordered others to rub down his handsome sorrel, Chester, and the mounts of after what must have seemed an age. barrier of barley sacks, burning in yet could not have been over 30 minutes from the time of their arrival, a soldier running in sail he could hear boofs out on the plain, and at the same instant two men appeared lugging between them, bleeding and senseless,

the ragged form of Edward Harvey. Scratched, torn, covered with blood and bruises and still unconscious though ho was, Drummond knew him at a glance. They had mot the previous year, and though only once it was enough. Men with young and lovely



Two men appeared legging between them the regges form of Edward Harvey. ing by his side, the lieutenant cought anxiously for trace of blade or bullet. Rents there were many and many a bloody scratch and tear, but, to his infinito relief, no serious wound appeared. Still in deep swoon, his friend seemed to resist every effort for his restoraslashing away the thongs with which tion. The dash of water in his face was answered only by a faint shiverforced between his lips only gurgled fore the sun is up, and, by the God of

Where are Moreno's people? Who's down his throat, and Drummond felt heaven, if Bland is with them, I'll no responsive flutter of pulse. The shock to his system must indeed have laying for, but they've killed Ned Harvey's and got his sisters—old Harvey's children—from Tucson."

been great, for Harvey lay like one in a trance. Drummond feared that he strung up," growled a grizzled old trooper in an undertone. "The gang light and home."

"Harvey's daughters here? ting into view, old Sergea Meinecke in command. Halting and dismount-"It's God's truth! Oh, if I lad a ing at his signal, the men stood silent drop of the whisky that's being burned and wondering at their horses' heads, and wondering at their horses' heads, while their leader went in to report to

the pallid features before him.

want 20 men to go on a chase with me. "They must be fully half an hour be-

where the paymaster had dragged got to take at least four of them; load dying, most like, the clerk and Mullan before, still in deep and obstinate them up with barley, bacon, hardtack, ammunition. Kick off everything clse. burned to ashes in that hell hole there, We'll feed and water here before startdevil. Send Trooper Bland hero as troop—shot to death. It's worse than to ride with me. He knows all the use trying to restrain our fellows when roads to the south."

Meinecke saluted in his methodical German fashion, turned away and presently could be heard ordering Bland.

"Are there any of our men besides geant Lee.

"They say Bland has, sir. I don't know any one else." "Well, I've just sent for him. Mr. Harvey here doesn't seem to be wounded, yet it's impossible to bring him to. Give Woods a little more whisky and

see if you can get a word out of the ma-

jor or Feeny. But efforts with the half suffocated men had no effect. The whisky with give. He was stationed at the back plunder. door, the corral side, he said, and hardsomething so queer about it. There excitedly and to call out that the "road ently dying paymaster any clew as to agents" were running away, and then presently there came the sound of galloping hoofs and cheering and both the sergeant and Mr. Harvey had shouted well nigh dead, they had contented that the troops were coming and rushed out to meet them-"And the next thing I knew," said Woods, "was seeing Feeny flattened out on the ground and crawling on his hands and knees and the befriended in Tucson pleaded with his room filled with roughs, some Mexicans, some Yanks, and I slipped into the corral and saw one of them shoot Even had they failed to secure the safe Feeny as he was trying to crawl after the richer booty was theirs in naving Those who remained were Americans, me; and while they were swearing and seized the girls. But few people in Arsearching for the safe and carrying it izona-as Arizona then was constituted out, Mr. Dawes and Mullan managed, somehow, to help the paymaster out, and then went in after the other man."

One thing, he said, smazed and excited to regard them with envious eyes, but him so he couldn't believe his eyes, but in the deed of rapine that made them he was almost ready to swear that the fellow Feeny ran to shake hands with was a soldier in uniform, and that he price upon his head, a halter round his held Feeny's hand while another man neck, for "gringo" and "greaser," came up behind and "mashed" him with the butt of his pistol, and that this fellow in soldier clothes was the eise getting here first. Oh, my God! man who afterward shot Feeny as he was trying to crawl away.

Drummond looked around at the man incredulous—almost derisive. The story was improbable, too much so to deserve even faint attention. Just then Meinecke came back and, precise as ever, stood attention and saluted.

"Herr lieutenant, Private Bland is not with my party at all, sir."

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

"No, sir; the men say he wasn't with us all night. He rode ahead with the Bettenant until we came to Corporal Denovan's body.'

"He's not been with me since," ex-claimed the Heutenant. "Sergeant Lee, ask if any of the seen have seen him." Lee was gone but a moment, then came back with grave face and troubled eyes, bringing with him a young troops er who was serving his first enlistment. "Private Goss, here, has a queer story to tell, sir."

"What do you know? What have

you seen?" asked Drummond. "Why, sir, right after Sergeant Lee caught sight of the fire and sung out "What other? Where, man?" exclaimed the sol liers, springing to their
like a caged tiger. He set two of the
like a caged tiger. He set two of the
like a caged tiger. He set two of the
like a caged tiger. I was that startled when they found little burros to the well wheel and get | Corporal Denovan dead that I dropped up several hugo bucketfuls of water it, and all of a sudden somobody comes against the coming of the troop. He out past me leading his horn, and I ordered others to rub down his hand-asked him what he had loct, and he said his pipe and passed me by, and I two of the advanced party. At last thought nothing more about it—only after what must have seemed an age. where I couldn't see him than I heard all of a sudden a horse start at full gallop right over in this direction, and now I think of it it must have been Bland, for it was him that passed me, sir-sneaking out like."

Drummond sprang to his feet. "What say you to this, sergeant? Do you believe-do you think it possible that Bland has deserted and joined these outlews?"

"I don't know what to think, sir, but I haven't forgotten what Feeny said of him."

"What was that?" "That he had too smooth a tengue to have led a rough . I honest life; that if he was a Texas : o claimed Texas people had loarn it italk a different lingo since he was stationed among them with the old Second cavalry before the war, and that he wished be'd been there at Lowell when the adjutant accepted those letters from former officers of the regiment as genuine. Bland would never show them to Feeny. Said he had sent cm all to his home in Texas. That was what made bad blood between them."

"By heaven! and now to think that one of our troop-C troop-should have been engaged in this outrage! But we'll get them, men," said Drummond, straightening up to his full height and raising his gauntleted hand in air. "They can't go fast or far with those wagens such a night as this, They'll strike the feet hills before they've gone 10 miles, then they'll ing sigh. The thimbleful of whisky have to go slow. We'll catch them bestring him to the highest tree we can find.

And then the weary troop came trot- scant mercy in this crowd."

"Aye, aye," said another, "and there's more than Pat Donovan to be scored off. Look yonder." For at the instant one of the packers came leading into the corral a resisting mule, at sight of whose Lurden many of the horses Drummond barely lifted his eyes from started in fear. It was the lifeless body of Donovan's companion, the soldier who Unsaddle, sergeant; rubdown; pick had escaped the assassin's bullet when out the best and likeliest horses. I Patsy fell only to be overtaken and cut down half way to Moreno's.

"It's the bloodiest night I've known even in Arizona," said Lee to his young leader. "The paymaster and Mr. Har-"Sorry for that, sergeant. We've vey about as good as dead, old Feeny and some other trooper of the escort and Donovan and this last one-some ing, then we've got to ride like the of our fellows think it is Flynn, from F soon as he has unsaddled. I want him Apache, lieutenant, and there'll be no we catch the blackguards."

A quarter of an hour later, leaving half a dozen soldiers under an experienced sergeant to guard the packs, the saddle," and then shouting for Private | wounded and the noncombatants at the smoldering ruins of the ranch, with barely a score of seasoned troopers at the farrier who have any knowledge of his back, Lieutenant Jim Drummond surgery?" asked the lieutenant of Ser- rode resolutely out toward the southern desert, toward the distant line of jagged mountains that spanned the far herizon. The false and fat: Maze at the Picacho had utterly disappeared, and all was darkness at the west. The red glow of the smoldering embers behind was no longer sufficient to light their path. Straight away southward led the wheeltracks, first separate and distinct, but soon blending, as though one wagon had fallen behind and followed Woods had better results. He present- the trail of the bolder leader in the ly ceased his shivering sols and could first. Straight away after them went a running fire of questions. Between his sobs, the young civilian told him begged for particulars of the capture, massed and was prepared to guard its

Stop to divide it was evident they dared not, for they had not with them the implements to break into the safe, and all their searching and threatening had failed to extract from the apparwhat he had done with the key. Stick together, therefore, they undoubtedly would, reasoned the lieutenant, and all their effort would be to reach some secure haunt in the Sierras and there send back their demand for ransom. Twenty-five thousand dollars in cash and George Harvey's precious daughters! It was indeed a rich haul-one that in all the dread history of the Morales gang had never been conaled. -would make great effort to overhaul a gang of robbers whose only victim was Uncle Sam and "his liveried hire-Then Woods could tell little more. lings." Nobody in Schora would fail the captors and possessors of those defenseless sisters each man had put a American and Mexican alike, would

spring to arms to rescue and avenge. As the rearmost of the little party of pursuers disappeared in the darkness and the wearied pack mules went jogging sullenly after, urged on by the goad of their half Mexican driver, the sergeant left in charge of the detachment at the corral looked at his watch and noted that it was just 2:80 o'clock. nothing life. Come on!" The dawn would be creeping on at 4.

Wearied as were his men, he did not permit them all to rest. The condition

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria

him by Lieutenaut Drummond made it necessary that they should have constant attention. It was sore trouble for him to look at the old paymaster, whose life seemed ebbing away, lying there so pallid and moaning at times so pitifully, but Feeny lay torpid, breathing, yet

seeming to suffer not at all.

Both were in desperate need of sur-gical attendance, but where could surgeon be found? The nearest was at Stoneman, the little cantonment across the Christobal, 80 miles to the east, and though a gallant fellow had volunteered to make the ride alone through the Apache infested pass and carry the dispatch that Drummond had hurriedpenciled there was no possibility doctors reaching them before the coming night, and the thought of all they might have to suffer through the fierce white heat of the intervening day was one that gave the sergeant deep concern. Then, too, who could say whether the solitary trooper would succeed in running the gantlet and making his way through? He was a resolute old frontiersman, skilled in Indian warfare and well aware that his best chance was in the dark, but speed as he might the broad light of day would be on him long before he could get half way through the range. The stage from the west would probably come along about sunset, but nothing could be hoped for sooner. No troops were nearer than the Colorado in that direction except the little signal post at the Picacho. Corporal Fox and two men had been sent thither to inquire what the signal meant, and it would soon be time for them to come riding in with their report. How he wished Wing were here! Wing knew something about everything. He was an expert veterinarian, something of a doctor, knew more of mineralogy than all the officers put together and could speak Spanish better than any man in the regiment. When it became necessary to have a signal station at the peak and it was found that no one knew anything about the business. Wing got one of the old re. manuals. studied the system and inside of a week was signaling with the expert sent down from San Francisco.

smoldering furnace as 4 o'clock drew nigh. Woods, weak and exhausted had fallen into an uneasy sleep. The trooper detailed to watch over old Plummer and Feeny and bathe their faces with cold water was nodding over his on the north side which the flames had not reached the men were dozing, or in Moldings, Window low, awestricken tones talking of the tragic events of the night. Near the east gate, reverently and deeply covered with the only shroud to be had, the newest of the saddle blankets, lay the stiffening remains of poor Donovan and his comrade. Lurking about the west-ward end of the inclosure, their beady eyes every now and then glittering in the firelight, the Mexicans, men and boy, were smoking their everlasting papelitos, apparently indifferent to the fate that had deprived them of home and occupation.

One of the troopers had burrowed a hole in the sand, started a little cock fire and was boiling some coffee in a tin quart mug. Overhead and far down to the horizon on every side the stars shone and sparkled through the vaporless skies. Eastward toward the Christobal they were just beginning to pale when a faint voice was heard pleading for water. Sergeant Butler sprang from his seat and hastened to where he had left Mr. Harvey but a few minutes

"Water, is it. sir? Here you are! I'm glad to see you picking up a little. Mr. Drummond left this for you too. He said you would maybe need sir. And the sergeant raised the dizzy head and held a little flask to Harvey's

'Where is he?'' at last the sufferer

was able to gasp. 'Overhauling the outlaws, hand over fist, by this time, sir. He has 20 good men at his back, and we'll have the la-

dies safe tonight-see if we don't." "Oh, God!" groaned the stricken brother, burying his face in his arms as the recollection of the fearful events of the night came crowding upon him. For a moment he seemed to quiver and tremble in every limb, then with sudden effort raised his head and turned again, the blood trickling anew from a gash in his face as he did so.

'Give me more of that." he mosned stretching forth a trembling hand. More water too. Lend me a horse and your carbine. I must go! I must But there his strength failed go!' him, and grasping wildly at empty air poor Harvey fell heavily back before the sergeant could interpose an arm to

"Don't think of it, sir. You're far too weak, and you're not needed. Never fear, the lieutenant and C troop will do all that men can do. They'll bring the ladies safely back as soon as they've hang what's left of that murdering gang. Hello! That you, Fox?" he shouted, springing up as two or three horsemen came spurring in.

"It's I—Wing," was the answer in ringing tones. "Fox is coming slower. Quick now. Is it so that that gang has run off the young ladies?" "It's God's truth. Here's Mr. Ned

Harvey himself." In an instant Wing was kneeling by the side of the prostrate man. Merciful heaven, my friend, but

they've used you fearfully! They only bound and held me till Jackson got back from Ceralvo's a couple of hours Are you shot—injured?" 'No, no," greaned Harvey. "But I am broken, utterly broken, and my sis-

ters are in the hands of those hounds.' Never worry about that, man. know young Drummond well. There isn't a braver, better officer in the old regiment if he is but a boy. He'll never drop that trail till he overtakes them and by the time he needs us old Pike here and I will be at his side. Thank the Lord, those louts were frightened off and never took our horses. They're fresh as daisies, both of 'em. Cheer up, Mr. Harvey. If hard riding and hard fighting will do it, we'll have your sisters here to nurse you before another night. Come, Pike," he cried as he vaulted into saddle. "Now for the liveliest gailop of your lazy, good for

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